ETHEL'S EXPECTATIONS; OR, A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

BY EMMA LESLIE,

Author of "Bolingbroke's Folly," "Gerald's Dilemma," etc., etc.

"Mother and daughter kissed and parted." *p.* 84.

CHAPTER VI.

NEWS FOR DOROTHY.

"A TELEGRAM for Miss Maldon, ma'am, and the boy is waiting."

It was Mrs. Westlake's servant who made this announcement at the schoolroom door one morning, near midsummer, and Dorothy wondered what could be amiss at home that they should telegraph to her.

But her fears as to her mother being ill were instantly relieved when she read, "Mr. Sutherland died suddenly last night. Come home, if possible. Letter following."

"This does not require an answer, so the boy need not wait," said Mrs. Westlake, when she had read the message, for Dorothy passed it on to her at once. "You would like to go home, of course; and as the holidays are near——"

"I would rather wait until next week—until the holidays commence," interrupted Dorothy. "If my mother were ill it would be different—I should want to go at once then; but I do not like putting you to so much inconvenience as I should if I went home just now. It is not as though I were really wanted, or could do any good by going."

"Very well, we will at least wait until the letter arrives; for of course I should miss you, especially when there is so much to be done in looking over exercise-books, and counting prize-marks the last day or two," said Mrs. Westlake.

"I shall not go if I can help it," decided Dorothy; and then the lessons were re-commenced, and Dorothy gave herself up to the task of teaching her little ones that two and two make four, and not five.

The expected letter did not reach them until night, and before it came, Horace Greenslade called to tell them that he had been summoned to the Manor House by his cousin's lawyer, who pressed him to go at once. "I should attend the funeral, of course, but I do not see the special need of going before," said the young man, "especially as you might get all sorts of queer notions into your head again if I were away very long," he added, with a smile.

He and Dorothy were engaged now with the full know-

ledge and consent of their friends; but recalling the cruel misunderstanding that arose previously, neither cared to encounter another separation if it could be avoided.

Just as he was leaving, Dorothy's expected letter arrived from Mrs. Maldon, giving the particulars of Mr. Sutherland's death. He had been ailing for a few days, and Ethel had gone to nurse him; but no one foresaw a fatal termination to his illness until an hour before his end, when he sank into unconsciousness, from which he never recovered. "Of course, Ethel is installed mistress at the Manor House now, and I am to go to her to-morrow; and so, if you can come home to help us with the mourning and other things, we should be very glad," wrote Mrs. Maldon. "Doubtless there will be no occasion for you to return to Mrs. Westlake's school, and as the holidays are near, she will be able to get someone in your place without difficulty."

This was what Dorothy read, with her lover looking over her shoulder. He had been told all about Ethel being his cousin's heiress, which was, after all, the basis of Dorothy's fear when he was away.

"So you are to be the bale of goods at their disposal this time," he said, with a smile, as he read the concluding portion of the letter.

Dorothy laughed. "I am too happy here to want to go to the grand Manor House. You will have to go to the funeral, of course; but I do not see why this need interfere with our plans for mother to come here and stay while Mrs. Westlake is at the seaside, and then I can go home with her when she goes back."

But Horace shook his head. "Remember the lesson you have been teaching me lately—duty before all things. We must wait and see, dear. I have written to this lawyer, telling him that I will be at the funeral, but as I am a working man, with my way to make in the world, I cannot run away from my employment for a week at a time as a gentleman can. Lord Mount has not returned yet, and I have heard nothing of a new agent. There is the hay harvest on hand, too, and of course I must see to that."

"I am glad of it," replied Dorothy, "for somehow I am afraid the next few weeks will not be an easy time for us."

"Very well, forewarned is forearmed. Now, my dear, remember that there is to be perfect frankness between us on all matters. The misery we brought on ourselves before ought to teach us a lesson for this time; for, like you, I have a feeling that it may not be quite such plain sailing for us in the future as in the past. Very likely now your sister is mistress of the Manor House, she will want you to marry one of the grand friends she will gather round her, and not a plain fellow like me."

"Well, if that should be so, we shall not have had our bitter lesson for nothing," said Dorothy.

"No, perhaps God saw that it was necessary somehow, though I have felt ever since that it was hard for us to have so much suffering over such a simple mistake."

The sorrow through which Horace had passed had not been without its uses, for it had helped to tone and soften the young man's character as nothing else could have done, and had given him a knowledge of God that only sorrow can give.

Dorothy replied to her mother's letter before she went to bed, saying it would be very inconvenient to leave Mrs. Westlake so near the holidays; that she must at least wait until these commenced before leaving, and that she hoped their original plans might still be carried out, even though Ethel had become a rich woman at last.

This was posted the next morning. But just after it was sent, Horace ran in to say that he had had a telegram asking him to go to the Manor House at once, and so he was going as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements for leaving his work.

"Now, remember, Dorothy, we are to trust in each other, whatever we may hear or whatever we may fancy. I am glad you are going to stay with Mrs. Westlake for the present, and remember I shall expect a letter every day, telling me everything."

"Very well," laughed Dorothy, little dreaming how soon the necessity would arise for this confidence to be tested.

The day after the funeral and the reading of Mr. Sutherland's will, two letters reached her—one from her lover, telling her that the will was by no means as clear as they had expected; and another from her mother, written evidently in the greatest haste and under great excitement.

"My dear Ethel is heartbroken, and we are ruined under the terms of this cruel, misleading will," wrote Mrs. Maldon. "Your dear papa was only told the first part of it, and not the concluding sentences, which direct that Ethel is to have Mr. Sutherland's wealth only on condition that she marries his cousin's son—the Mr. Greenslade whom you know. Now, my dear, she is willing to overlook his want of good manners and to fulfil this desire of her old friend, and I am sure you are too good a sister not to do all in your power to help us out of our dreadful trouble. Think of it, Dorothy, we shall be ruined! for I am even more deeply in debt now than when you went away, and I may have to go to prison unless you consent to save me from it. Oh, Dorothy! my Dorothy! surely you will not mind giving up this young man to your sister. You have not been engaged to each other long, and this passing fancy of yours will soon be overcome; and think what it will secure to your sister and sorrowing mother! Oh, my dear Dorothy, it is not often that a girl has such a power for good placed in her hands as you now have. I should not—could not hope to escape the direst misery, but that I know you have always been an unselfish sister and daughter, and you will not fail us now, I am sure."

Dorothy's fingers trembled as she read, and her eyes were blinded with tears, while she recalled the bitter experience of that time when Horace and she had regarded each other as lost—when life had been deprived of all its sweetness and joy because that dearer self had no share in it.

How Mr. Sutherland's property was to be disposed of if Ethel failed to carry out Mr. Sutherland's wish upon the subject, she did not ask herself, for her mind was also busy with what her mother had told her about being so deeply in debt, and she was wondering how she could help her in this matter without sacrificing her own happiness and that of her lover.

While she still had the letter in her hand, Tom called to see whether she had heard anything of the funeral, and she told him of her mother's proposal. "But—but she seems to forget that Horace ought to have a voice in this matter as well as you," said her brother. "Is he to be handed over like an order for so many bank-notes that Ethel may spend on her new bonnets? Now, mind, I shall write to him to-night and tell him of this precious proposal, and you wait until you hear from him before writing to mamma."

"Oh, I could not do that, Tom; she will be in such suspense. Besides, I have thought of a plan to help her to pay those debts. Mrs. Westlake is going to give me a good

salary next term, and I shall not want to spend much on myself, so that I believe I can promise mamma twenty pounds next year, and you could spare ten, I should think, Tom."

"Yes, you may put me down for ten," answered Tom, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"What are you laughing at?" asked his sister, looking round to see that he was not playing some trick upon her.

"At you. What a goose you are, to be sure! Do you think Horace will let you stay teaching school here for another year?"

"But he must. He said he should like to be married soon, but of course that is out of the question, and we both agreed that we must wait until we have saved money enough to buy a home; and if I have to help mother pay these debts, I'm afraid we shall have to wait a long time."

"But suppose the home is ready and waiting, and——"

"Ah, you mean the Manor House—that he could have if he married Ethel. I had not thought of that, Tom."

"But won't it be his if he marries you?" asked Tom.

"I don't think so; mother writes as though it would be quite lost to everybody we know if I do not do as she wishes. Oh, Tom, what ought I to do?"

"Just what you are so fond of telling me to do—your duty."

"Yes, but what is my duty? Sometimes I have thought Horace wished he had wealth, and if this is so, why should I stand in his way? I daresay he could be happy with Ethel if he married her."

"Now, look here, didn't you both make yourselves miserable over that blundering speech of mine? Isn't that enough to convince you that God meant you to help each other as far as possible?" and Tom looked at his sister until she nodded her head in assent.

"I can believe that," she whispered.

"Very well. Then is it your duty to God, do you think, to let the consideration of mere worldly wealth set aside His law—His word to you? Would you give up Horace if a richer man came along and asked you to have him?"

"Tom, you know I wouldn't," said Dorothy, drying her tears.

"Of course not. Then why should you think that Horace would prefer to marry Ethel for the sake of the wealth he would secure by it? At any rate, let him decide the matter for himself. I will write and tell him, if you like, that you are quite willing to resign in favour of Ethel if he wishes it, that he may be able to live a life of idleness for the rest of his days."

"Oh, Tom, you do put things in such a dreadful way! Of course, he would not want to live an idle life, but he might like to have many things he is never likely to get if he marries me, and he ought to be free to choose in the matter."

"Just what I say, Lady Logical, and that I had better write and tell him to choose."

"But how can he do this when he considers himself bound to me? That is what mamma says, and she seems to have no doubt what his choice will be, although he has been there such a little while. You forget, Tom, that Ethel is pretty."

"You won't let me forget that you are a goose. I shall certainly write and tell Horace how you are tormenting yourself."

And Tom was as good as his word, only he did not blunder so much over it this time. He wrote and told his friend of the proposal that had been made to Dorothy by his mother, and that his sister certainly seemed inclined to do as her mother wished, also that he might have an absolute freedom of choice, now that this property would be the inheritance of one sister, while the other would come to him empty-handed.

When this letter reached Horace Greenslade, he was busy with the lawyer; but as soon as the business with him was completed, he packed his bag and returned home, that he might set Dorothy's mind at rest once and for all. And so about the time she was expecting the usual daily letter from him, Horace himself appeared at Mrs. Westlake's door with a request to see Miss Maldon.

"I have had a letter from Tom," said Horace, when Dorothy came into the drawing-room, "and before you worry yourself further about the matter, I have come to make a final settlement. Tom tells me that you want to set me free, so I have come to take my freedom and choose my wife once more. It is only fair, perhaps, that I should do this. Now, Dorothy, tell me, am I free?"

"You are quite free, Horace, and——"

"That is sufficient, dear. As I am free, I can take my choice, since it seems you think I may choose between you and your sister. Now, I choose you once more most emphatically, my Dorothy, and this, I hope, will satisfy your mother too."

"But you would be a rich man, Horace, if you were to choose Ethel," said Dorothy, as she nestled in his arms, and promised to let him manage the affair with her mother.

He smiled. "I wonder what you will say if I tell you that you are not to marry Horace Greenslade after all."

She started and looked up at him. "I will never marry anyone else," she said. "I made up my mind about that when I thought you might want to marry Ethel, and I am not likely to change now."

"I am afraid you will have to marry Mr. Sutherland. It is the only way we can pay mother's debts, you know."

"What do you mean?" asked Dorothy.

"Well, my eccentric cousin has left an odd will. He evidently was fond of your sister in his own peculiar way. If she had shown any liking for me, and I had not responded to her fancy, then the property would have been hers unreservedly, with the exception of a legacy of five hundred pounds. If I married her, then the property would have been mine without further conditions; but if not, then I was to inherit upon condition that I took the name of Sutherland as soon as the necessary legal document could be made out entitling me to use it. This I have consented to do, for I could not comply with the other alternative and marry your sister; and so, you see, you will have to be Mrs. Sutherland instead of your sister being Miss Sutherland when I married her, as she would have been if the intentions of my eccentric old cousin had been fully carried out. I am going to take my mother back with me to the Manor House until Mrs. Sutherland can come."

"But—but, Horace, I do not quite understand," said Dorothy.

"That you and your sister have changed places in the prospect of living at the Manor House for the future. By the way, it is a beautiful old house, though it has been suffered to fall shamefully into decay. That, however, can be remedied very soon. The nest can be beautified easily; but what should I do if it had to remain an empty nest? And it would be empty of all joy and comfort if my Dorothy were not there to brighten it with her presence. How soon can you come, darling?" he whispered, with eagerness in every tone.

"I have promised to pay mamma's debts first," she answered.

"Quite right, dear. I knew you would want to do that as soon as I heard of them, and so before I came away I arranged that a sufficient sum should be placed at your disposal for this purpose."

"I do not like to take it," said Dorothy, timidly.

"But do you not see, dear, that the circumstances in which we are placed are so peculiar that the ordinary rules must be departed from, or I can never even be just to your mother and sister? They have been unfairly used, and it is a great pity your sister ever heard of this will. As it is, your mother incurred expenses she would never otherwise have thought of, that your sister might make a proper appearance among people; and under the circumstances, it is only right that I should make such provision as is fair and just, and this seemed to be the most expeditious and least painful method of relief for your mother's anxieties. After we are married we can do more. I have thought of a plan for that, and have settled it with the lawyers; but it will take time, as all law matters do, and so this seemed to promise best for the present."

"Oh, Horace, how can I thank you for being so good?"

"Shall I tell you how, dear?" he whispered. "Say you will be married in six weeks' time."

"In six weeks!" echoed Dorothy.

"Yes, dear; why not? It will be best, my darling, for all of us. I will ask Mrs. Westlake to keep you here until the old house can be furbished up a little, for I think it will be kinder to your sister not to go to the cottage yet. She is naturally very much upset over the affair, and you might not be comfortable there just now."

In point of fact, Horace believed that her life would be almost unbearable under her sister's reproaches, for he had seen enough of Ethel to think that she was not likely to spare anyone who stood in the way of her gratification.

* * * * * *

Towards the end of the summer there was a quiet wedding, which Mrs. Maldon attended; but there were no bridesmaids, for Ethel declined to be present, and Dorothy would not have anyone else.

After the ceremony, mother and daughter had a little chat before she went away to enter that new life which lay before her.

"You must not think it unkind of Ethel that she did not come to-day. I can assure you, Dorothy, there has been a great change in her in the last week or two. She has been more thoughtful and careful for my comfort than at any time since we first heard of that dreadful will, and now that we are free from debt I hope we shall be able to start afresh in the cottage, and live happily and contentedly together."

"I am glad of that," said Dorothy. "I have prayed for poor Ethel, and I feel sure God will make her a good and useful woman. Perhaps it was the only way it could be done, mother, for she did not know that the selfishness was there before; but she will fight and conquer it now, and be better for the trouble by-and-by. Tell her I hope we shall spend many happy hours together at the Manor House when I come back, and——"

"Mrs. Sutherland," called the bridegroom's voice at this moment, and mother and daughter kissed and parted for a short time, both thinking with tender affection of the disappointed girl who had made such a wreck of her life and happiness for a time at least, though now there was undoubtedly good ground for believing that she had really taken the bitter lesson to heart, and would hereafter profit by it.

Yet Mrs. Maldon could not but severely blame herself, first for having told the secret entrusted to her, and then for so weakly yielding to Ethel's growing selfishness. Hers had been a cruel mistake—cruel alike to both her daughters; but Ethel had suffered most keenly, and to her she clung with the fonder affection, in spite of all she had suffered through her pride and folly. And in this love of her mother's poor Ethel found her greatest comfort now, and even an incentive to redeem the past by unselfish devotion and unwavering affection.

THE END.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

PLEASURE, like charity, begins at home. To a man or woman with no sweet memories of home, the world is after all but a battle-field or a wilderness. Some are too poor, and some too rich to have a home.

Lord Beaconsfield describes a duke who had many residences, and adds, "He had only one misfortune, and it was a great one—he had no home." Still sadder is the lot of the suffering poor, where the fight with penury and misery leaves no place for home pleasures or home sanctities. With every complete sketch of happiness, there must mingle the vision and the memory of a comfortable home.

Sir Walter Scott strikes a chord which vibrates in every heart when, after returning from the sights of the Continent, he ordered his servant to wheel him slowly through the rooms at Abbotsford, and then said, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain home. Give me one turn more!"

Faraday, again, writing from Switzerland, says: "It is all very well to come away from home, and all very exciting to the imagination to talk of glaciers, lakes, and mountains; but the best effect of a departure from home is to make us value it as it deserves." Southey, too, hits a universal experience when, in the memory of his journeys to and fro, he says: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! there is such a comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and own fireside, one's own writing-desk and own library. 'Don't go to London, papa; you must stay with Edith!'" And then how sweet is the return when the journey is over, and home is reached once more!

Not without reason is "home" considered the sweetest word in the English tongue, fraught, for all who ever had a true home, with ineffable music. The mother's welcome, the father's tenderness, the child's trust, the fond "What ails thee?" of the watching wife, the brother's chivalry, the sister's sweet devotion, the grandsire's locks so rife and full of awe; the feasts and festivals, with delicacies the production of which seems a forgotten art—with what pathetic power does memory cling to these things as the years roll by! It is to these things we revert when grey hairs are upon us, and the wheels of life run slowly in premonition of its end.

SAINT GREGORY'S ANGELS.

ONCE, in the market-place of Rome,
By lordly tower and mighty dome,
While dark-browed ladies, carried high
In litters, to the baths passed by,
And street musicians piped their reeds,
And nobles reined their restive steeds,
And hawkers, to the careless crowd,
Proclaimed their wares with clamour loud,
Saint Gregory, so runs the tale,
Beheld some boys exposed for sale—
With bright blue eyes, and flowing hair
Like golden fleece, and faces fair—
And, struck with wonder, asked what name
The strangers bore, and whence they came.

The merchants answered him, that these
Were Angles, from beyond the seas—
Britain, a province held by Rome,
An island stormed by wind and foam—
And that this rude barbaric race
Were beautiful in form and face,
With limbs a marvel to behold,
And shoulders massed with locks of gold,
And eyes that seemed to steal the hue
Of heaven, with sunlight looking through!
Such were these Angles. He, who heard,
His heart with deep compassion stirred,
Viewing the captives, made reply
In words whose fame can never die—

"*Non Angli*," said Saint Gregory,
"*Sed Angeli!*" And shall not we,
With reverence, in this later time,
Who see the radiant children climb,
Bright-haired, blue-eyed, upon our knees,
Accept the truth of words like these?
Not Angles simply, fair of face,
But touched with the Angelic grace
Of souls as sweet—and born to rise
On wings of faith beyond the skies,
And fading lights of sun and star,
To heaven itself, where Angels are!
Thus, from the mute, immortal page,
The legend speaks from age to age.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

SHOULD we at times feel disheartened and discouraged, a confiding thought, a simple movement of the heart toward God, will renew our powers. Whatever He may demand of us, He will give us at the moment the strength and courage that we need.

MRS. HURRY-SCURRY AND MRS. WORRY-WORRY'S CHILDREN.

"BOTHER the children," said Mrs. Worry-worry, looking up from her ironing as she heard their voices outside the door. "If it weren't for them I should have got these things ironed and put away. Now I'll just have to wait. I'm sure I don't know who'd have a tribe of them as Mrs. Patem and Mrs. Smoothem have. I find my four just three too many. Just listen to them! I'll be bound they are up to some mischief; I must be after them."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Hurry-scurry. "You really do worry too much about them. Why should you think they are up to mischief because they are laughing? If your children were like mine it would be different. I don't mind their having a little fun sometimes, but it's their dawdling ways that worry me. Mrs. Smoothem, she's always preaching about training your children to be useful, but bless my heart, I'd sweep and dust the kitchen before ever Jemima would have tied her apron on, and got out the broom and duster. 'Sharp's the word and quick's the action' with me. Children *are* trying. Just think, now, how aggravating it must be to me to see Kitty taking half an hour to darn a

"'Not Angles,' said Saint Gregory, 'but Angels!'"

hole in Jack's stocking. 'Here, give it to me,' says I; 'I'll do it in half the time,' and sends her off to play."

"I wish my girl would offer to mend a little for me," replied Mrs. Worry-worry, standing with her arms on her hips, and looking contentedly at the spotless front of her husband's shirt. "But there, what would be the good if she did? I'd be expecting that the things would be put hind part before or topsy-turvy. Well, the children don't seem to be coming in, so I might as well have gone on. Now my iron's cold. Dear me, there's Peter swinging. He'll fall, I know he will, and break his neck. Come in, you young rascal, and sit down to your lessons at once, or you won't have them done before your father gets home."

So Mrs. Worry-worry managed to bring about the very state of things she did not want. Peter came in panting, and saying "that he'd been at school all day, and thought he might be allowed to have a little fun before beginning lessons again." He did not dare to disobey his mother, whose hand was somewhat heavy occasionally; but he sat over his work till his father came in, and, seeing his pale face, took the book out of his hand, and declared that the school-work was ruining his health.

"Just you go into the garden and get some fresh air," he said, kindly. "Compound fractions won't teach you how to build a wall straight like your father, and it won't do me much good if you get a prize while I have to pay the doctor's bill. Bring out the tools now, whilst mother gets tea, and you shall help me hoe up the potatoes. You'll learn your lessons all the faster after a little exercise, I know. Where's Milly, wife? She can make the toast, as you seem busy."

"She was here a moment ago," said Mrs. Worry-worry, taking the clean things off the table and preparing to lay the cloth. "I'd rather make the toast myself; she's sure to cut her hand or burn herself."

"As far as that goes," said Mrs. Hurry-scurry, preparing to leave, "if she belonged to me I'd let her cut the bread and make the toast till she learnt not to hurt herself. But she'd have to be quick about it; it's their slowness that worries me, so that I'd rather do a thing half a dozen times myself."

"That's why your children are always idling in the street, I suppose," said Mrs. Worry-worry's husband, as he went into the garden.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Worry-worry; "I knew he'd be cross if he saw that boy at his lessons."

We all are pretty keen in finding out the shortcomings of other people, however dense we may be as to our own; so Mrs. Hurry-scurry replied—

"I think he was right, though he needn't have spoken so sharp to me. The boy looks as white as an egg, and I believe you worry him too much. I wish mine were more like yours in some things; but there, there's plenty of time before them, and as long as they keep out of my way I don't mind their running wild for a bit. Good evening, Mrs. Worry-worry; take my advice, and don't cross too many bridges before you come to them."

"Good evening," said Mrs. Worry-worry, laying a snow-white cloth, and putting the cups and saucers in exactly the same spot they had been put in ever since she began housekeeping; "and if I might be bold to make a remark, I'd advise you not to whisk round quite so fast. You'd get through more work, and it would be better done. You don't give your children a chance of learning anything. Thank goodness, *my* children aren't as helpless as yours, whatever else they are."

Both women gave a toss of the head, and an angry look at each other; but they didn't mean to quarrel. They had gone on in that way ever since they had lived next door to each other, and it never prevented them from doing exactly the same every day.

"What's the matter with you all?" said Mrs. Smoothem, looking in at the street door, which was wide open. "Have you been giving each other a bit of your mind, as usual? Anyone, to hear you talk, would believe you were enemies instead of the greatest friends in the village."

"Now then, we'll just let Mrs. Smoothem decide. She isn't beholden to either of us, so she can speak her mind," said Mrs. Hurry-scurry, seating herself in an attitude which meant, "Here I am, and here I mean to stay for the present." "Mrs. Worry-worry says it's my fault that my children are the idlest in the place; and I say I'd rather see them idle than worry them to fiddle-strings as she does, with her 'Peter, do your lessons,' and 'Milly, mend your frock,' all day long. Now, which of us is right?"

"I think," said Mrs. Smoothem, "that you are both right, and you are both wrong."

"Well, that's queer, anyway," said Mrs. Worry-worry. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you see, it is quite right to teach your children to be industrious and to help themselves, but it is quite wrong to worry the poor little things continually. You will wear yourself out, and them too. Children, like all other young things, must have plenty of fun and plenty of rest. Their bodies are hard at work growing, and if we go and make their minds work too hard at the same time, we shall damage both. Besides, it's always well to help a child for its future work in our station of life. Now, there's my Alice; she's made up her mind to be a dressmaker, so I just encourage her to cut out her doll's things and sew them nicely, and she's so fond of it that last week she actually put a pair of cuffs on my best dress, to hide the part that was worn. Then there's Maggie, who can't bear to touch a needle. Of course she's got to learn to sew, and I make her do it, just as you would." Mrs. Worry-worry gave a triumphant look at Mrs. Hurry-scurry. "But as she has set her heart on being a nursemaid by-and-by, I give her as much to do for the baby as I can trust to her."

"But, bless my heart," said Mrs. Hurry-scurry, bounding to her feet, "what an age she must take about it! Why, my Polly wanted to learn to dress herself the other day, but, dear me, I'd dress the lot whilst I was waiting for her to get her arms into her things."

"And so you let her grow up depending upon you for everything," said Mrs. Smoothem. "Of course, they are slow at first, and need a deal of telling and showing how; but, then, we all had to learn once upon a time. You take my advice, both of you, and each try to learn a little from the other one's way. If Mrs. Hurry-scurry would worry a little more, and Mrs. Worry-worry would worry less and hurry a little more, your homes would be as happy as mine is."

"Until the children grow up, perhaps; that's the time when, it seems to me, parents and children disagree most."

"I'm not afraid," said Mr. Worry-worry, coming in, with his hand on Peter's shoulder. "I've got a sovereign remedy for that. I believe that half the squabbles come because parents will not remember that their children are grown up, and can't be kept in leading-strings all their lives."

And Mr. Worry-worry was right, as anyone knows who has studied the question.

E. M. WATERWORTH.

CHILD MARRIAGE AND CHILD WIDOWHOOD IN INDIA.

An Indian Bride and Bridegroom.

THE subject of Indian domestic life is one of intense interest, while the degrading custom of child marriage, inflicting as it does untold misery upon millions of the women of India, demands the thoughtful attention of all Christians.

The troubles of a Hindu baby girl begin at a very early stage of her existence. Almost as soon as she is born, she is carefully rubbed all over with oil, and her eyelids painted with some black cosmetique, and she is then laid upon a small mat or palm leaf, and exposed to the full heat of a tropical sun, without the slightest covering. A few years later, and she is sent out with other poor children to work in the cornfields, or on waste land to tend goats, and in many ways she is very hardly used.

When a little girl attains the age at which marriage is considered desirable, the family priest and the village barber are usually deputed by the parents to set out, perhaps to a neighbouring village, to find a boy of the same caste, as a husband for her. Having discovered such a one, a marriage settlement, provided by the girl's father, is arranged, and the betrothed boy is presently borne, seated in a "palki" with a younger brother generally, to the home of his bride.

Should the husband happen to be an adult and possess a home, after the ceremony the pair depart for their own village, usually in a bullock cart.

The following interesting account of the actual ceremony of a Hindu child-wedding is from the pen of Mrs. Samuel Merrill, wife of the U.S. Consul in Calcutta :—

"We asked, 'Which is the bride?' She was pointed out 'That little creature! that tiny child!' I took her hand and patted her soft cheeks, and longed to pick her up in my arms and pet her, and love her—she was so small and yet going to be married to-night! She was eight years old, but looked not more than six. She did not smile or seem to care about anything. The mother was there, only twenty herself, and appearing like an older sister. I wondered if she did not pity her child. But the most engrossing object to our astonished eyes was the bridegroom. He sat in a large chair on a raised platform at one side, and was being disrobed by several attendants. Every article of his rich attire was taken off; his magnificent velvet robe was carefully folded and laid in a trunk which stood open near by; his white shirt, with its big diamond buttons and studs, his gilded slippers, his silken hose, his velvet trousers were all removed, leaving him in the usual native underdress; every ring and bracelet and chain were laid away in the trunk. A simple white muslin cloth was thrown over him, and with bare feet he advanced to the middle of the room, where a space had been kept clear, and sat down on his heels before a small burning lamp. The father of the bride, having also thrown aside his gay clothes, sat by him, while several priests clustered near. It would be impossible to describe all the ceremonies that were performed, the priests blessing seeds and powders and bits of sticks, and passing them back and forth, sometimes putting them into the hands of the bridegroom, sometimes into those of the father, and sometimes again into the flame of the lamp. We could not understand what it all meant.

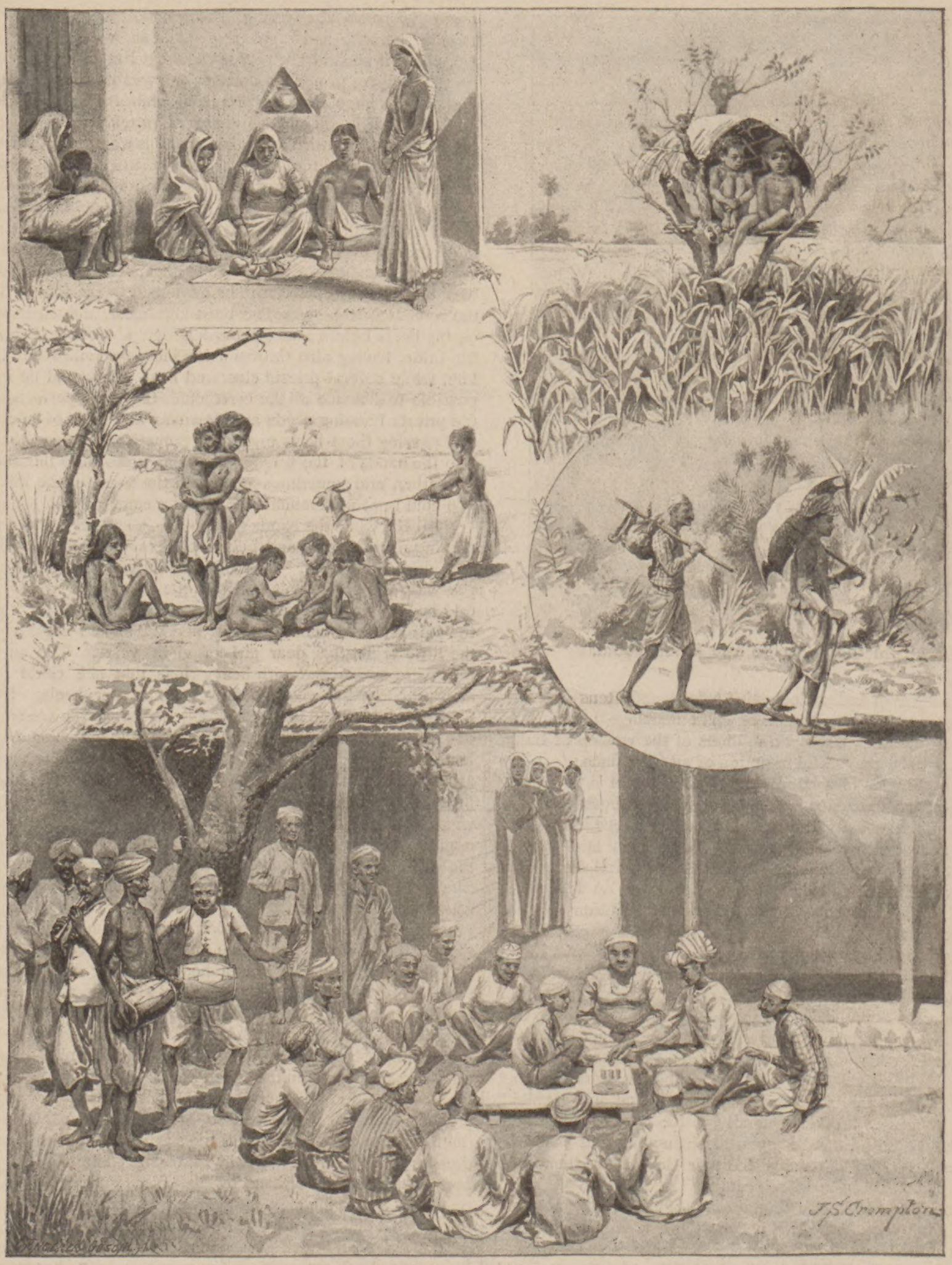
"All the while the bands were playing, and servants were passing refreshments and buttonhole bouquets or garlands to each of the guests. No bride had as yet been seen, but presently the groom was led from the room, and we were told he had gone to seek his bride. In about half an hour the pair returned hand in hand, and we looked eagerly at the little bride, this dear girl of eight years. The small toes were so covered with heavy rings that she could not step properly, but was forced to walk on her heels. She was simply dressed in a scarlet silk sarree, as the woman's one garment is called, her hair done up in a knot behind. She looked timid and frightened. Just think of that child alone amid that multitude, not even her mother by her side—one little baby girl among a thousand men. The composure was astonishing. She was seated on her heels, of course, opposite her boyish lover, with the lamp between them, and the same sort of proceedings as before were continued. She must have grown very weary before the long ceremony was finished.

"Finally the oldest priest took her hand and laid it on that of the boy and tied them together with silken cords and chains of gold. It was a beautiful thing, but I never can forget my feeling as I saw that baby hand, that tiny, dimpled, pretty hand extended to be tied fast and for ever to a boy she had never seen before, and at an age when she ought to have been in a mother's loving, tender care. It was an interesting sight, but, oh! so sad. After a while their dresses were tied together at the corners, some rupees were passed about—there seemed to be a great abundance of them—some were tied up in their robes; different head-dresses were tried on the pair, glittering, spangled things; new garments were blessed by the priests and thrown over them, and at last the long, long ceremony was concluded, and the married children disappeared This event is the end of that girl's childhood. She is a woman now—all freedom is over for her—entered into the zenana a wife, her future life is shut up within its high walls."

Another manner in which the ceremony is performed is depicted in our illustrations. In the centre of a compound a light bamboo booth is prepared, and decorated with festoons of mangoe leaves. At the main entrance a long

The babe is laid upon a small mat.

In the Indian cornfields.

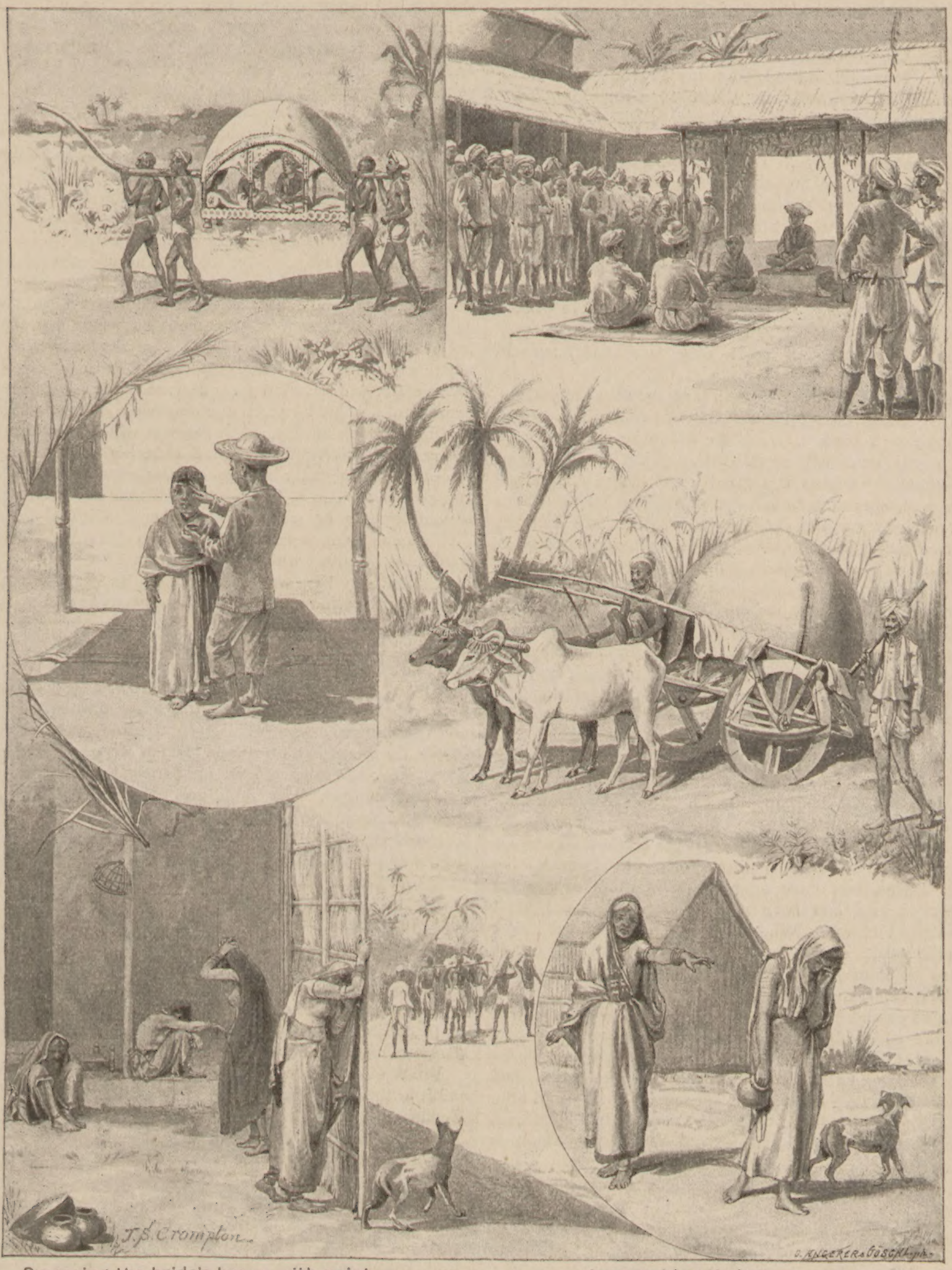


On the waste land. A marriage settlement. The priest and the barber start off.

entire bamboo is erected, also adorned. This is to show the outside world that a marriage will take place in the house. In the booth is a four-legged stool for the groom, and a piece of mat for the bride. All being in readiness, the young couple take their seats. In front of the boy sits the priest, and in front of the girl her father, while all other

On the way to the bride's home.

The marriage ceremony.



Smearing the bride's brows with paint.
The husband is dead.

Approaching their home.
Widowhood.

relations and guests stand round. At the conclusion of the service, the pair rise, and the bridegroom seals the marriage contract by smearing the bride's brows with red paint.

At its best, the prospect of the child bride is dark and unhappy, but the crowning misery of her life will be attained should she be left a widow. From the great

disparity of age which often exists between wedded couples in India—men of mature years frequently marrying girls who are little more than babies—widowhood is, humanly speaking, the inevitable fate of vast numbers of Hindu women. It is said, indeed, that one in every six of the women of India is a widow! There are, in round numbers, *twenty-one millions* of Indian widows, 78,976 of whom are child-widows under nine years of age, and 207,388 from ten to fourteen years of age. Think of it, you English mothers, whose little daughters are the light and joy of your homes—think of the horror, the shame, the untold suffering and degradation that are the lot of these helpless child-widows; and while you thank God for the blessings He has vouchsafed to you and your dear ones, pray that a happier time may soon come for these poor children of India. Perhaps the following words from Pundita Ramabai's book on "The High-Caste Hindu Woman," may help you to realise something of what these children have to endure:—

"Throughout India widowhood is regarded as the punishment for terrible crimes committed by the woman in a former existence upon earth. . . . If the widow be the mother of sons, she is not usually so pitiable an object. . . . The widow mother of girls is treated indifferently, and sometimes with special hatred, especially when her daughters have not been given in marriage in her husband's lifetime. But it is the child-widow or childless young widow upon whom, in an especial manner, falls the abuse and hatred of the community as the greatest criminal upon whom heaven's judgment has been pronounced.

"Throughout India, except in the north-western Provinces, women are put to the severest trials imaginable after the husband's death. The manner in which they are brought up and treated from their earliest childhood compels them to be slaves to their own petty interests, to be passionate lovers of ornaments and self-adornment; but no sooner does the husband die than they are deprived of every gold and silver ornament, of the bright-coloured garments, and of all the things they love to have about their persons. The cruelty of social customs does not stop here. Among the Brahmins of the Deccan, the heads of all widows must be shaved regularly every fortnight. Some of the lower castes, too, have adopted this custom of shaving widows' heads, and have much pride in imitating their high-caste brethren. What woman is there who does not love the wealth of soft and glossy hair with which nature has so generously decorated her head? A Hindu woman thinks it worse than death to lose her beautiful hair. Girls of fourteen and fifteen, who hardly know the reason why they are so cruelly deprived of everything they like, are often seen wearing sad countenances, their eyes swollen from shedding bitter tears. They are glad to find a dark corner where they can hide their faces, as if they had done something shameful and criminal. The widow must wear a single coarse garment, white, red, or brown. She must eat only one meal during the twenty-four hours of a day. She must never take part in family feasts and jubilees with others.

"She must not show herself to people on auspicious occasions. A man or woman thinks it unlucky to behold a widow's face before seeing any other object in the morning. A man will postpone his journey if his path happens to be crossed by a widow at the time of his departure. A widow is called an 'inauspicious' thing. The relatives and neighbours of the young widow's husband are always ready to call her bad names, and to address her in abusive language at every opportunity. There is scarcely a day of her life in which she is not cursed by these people as the cause of their beloved friend's death. Her mother-in-law gives vent to her grief by using such language as, when once heard, burns into a human heart. In short, the young widow's life is rendered intolerable in every possible way. There may be exceptions to this rule, but, unhappily, there are not many. . . .

"Her life then, destitute as it is of the least literary knowledge, void of all hope, empty of every pleasure and social advantage, becomes intolerable—a curse to herself and to society at large. . . . It is not an uncommon thing for a young widow without occupation that may satisfy mind and heart, and unable longer to endure the slights and suspicions to which she is perpetually subjected, to escape from her prison-house. But when she gets away from it, where shall she go? No respectable family, even of a lower caste, will have her for a servant. She is completely ignorant of any art by which she may make an honest living. She has nothing but the single garment which she wears on her person. Starvation and death stare her in the face; no ray of hope penetrates her densely-darkened mind. What can she do? The only alternative before her is either to commit suicide, or, worse still, to accept a life of infamy and shame. Oh, cruel, cruel is the custom that drives thousands of young widows to such a fate."

A missionary lady writing from India, says: "The time was when the widow in India had a speedy remedy, when she would embrace the corpse of her husband, and die in the flames. But the Government has put an end to suttee. She must live on and on in this perpetual torture. Beneath this living sepulchre there glows the fire of a gehenna, and many a poor girl has fallen into this flame, and embraced a fate worse than death. God grant that our hearts may be stirred for these poor creatures. Think of your own homes, survey your loved ones, look upon them with their sacred associations, open your Bible and read its promises, and then offer fervent prayer and gratitude that your life is not like your sisters' on the other side of the ocean. But, oh! do not stop there. Do not rise from your knees till you have told Christ that you will do whatever is within your power to help those women for whom He died." Our Lord Jesus came "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound . . . to comfort all that mourn." Why do not Christian women in Christian lands arouse themselves to give to their sisters in India the knowledge of Jesus Christ? Before the brightness of His shining the darkness of their despair would flee away.

We rejoice to know that something is now being done to mitigate the terrible hardships of the Hindu widow. The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission is establishing a Nurses' Training School in Jaffna, Ceylon, under the care of the Misses M. and M. W. Leitch and a staff of fully-qualified lady physicians and nurses, for the purpose of training native women, especially Hindu widows, to become nurses. Such nurses would be in a safe and sheltered position, being under the care of the missionary ladies, and they would also have unrivalled opportunities of telling of the love of Christ to their countrywomen and of bringing them to Him. We trust that this noble effort will meet with abundant success.

FOR MOTHERS AND WIVES.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

Spoiled Children.

FENELON, the great French writer on Education, once said, "What is to become of children (who in the end make up the human species), if their parents spoil them from their earliest years?" Yes, poor little folks! When we see spoiled children we often wonder what is to become of them in the future. There are houses where everything is kept in beautiful order excepting the children; and it is an ordeal to have to visit these homes. The little ones, instead of being a joy and delight to their parents and friends, are nothing but a pain and a trial, and have to be endured. They are like tender flowers whose bloom has been injured, and whose perfume has been destroyed by harsh winds and injudicious treatment. The harmful influence in their case has been the weak indulgence of parents who have not known how to train their little ones in obedience.

Mothers sometimes imagine that manners are the concern of teachers and governesses—that they are to be acquired apart from the home. This is not the case, however. It has been wisely said, "Manners are not like clothes; you cannot have a fine suit for company and a common suit for home wear. They are part of the character, not to be put off and on at pleasure." Unless politeness is taught in the nursery and made a daily practice, embarrassment and want of ease will ensue when it is attempted in company.

Patience and firmness are the two qualities which parents must exercise if they would not have their children spoiled. Where these virtues exist it is comparatively easy to teach children early to be obedient and truthful, unselfish and forbearing in their behaviour to one another, respectful to older persons, and polite to everyone.

Apart from actual training, parents should remember that a child's companions influence his character. Emerson says, "We catch manners as we catch diseases—from one another." Mothers are usually most anxious to keep their children away from a house where there are measles and whooping cough. They ought to be anxious also to keep them away from a house where rudeness and ill-breeding prevail.

The example of daily life is also a most powerful instructor in manners. Children learn much more readily by example than by precept.

Harmless Toys.

It is not a very easy task to choose toys wisely for quite young children. While a baby is teething and is likely to put everything he gets to his mouth, the point of chief importance is to procure playthings that will not hurt him if he should try to bite them. Amongst harmless toys which answer this description, the most easily obtained are india-rubber articles made for children, such as animals, dolls, and balls. These rubber animals are rather expensive, but they are very durable, and they nearly always give pleasure. Woolly animals also, and animals made of holland, are occasionally much prized by children, though they are not good to bite. They are not very life-like, but children do not object to them on that account. Dolls and animals made of coloured flannel are less excellent—the dye too frequently comes off.

When children have grown beyond the teething age, mothers should choose toys of which they will not weary quickly. Keeping this end in view, the mechanical toys which are now so fashionable are not of much use. They are costly, and some of them are exceedingly ingenious; we know that the person who planned them must be very skilful. But they please grown-up people more than they please children; and they usually get out of order very readily. A child likes something which does not repeat the same entertainment over and over again in exactly the same way; he likes variety, and likes to be able to produce the variety. Thus bricks are most delightful toys both for boys and girls. Girls usually like dolls; boys like carts, drums, and whistles—anything, in fact, wherewith they can make a noise. Picture-books, too, are unquestionably excellent; children should be encouraged to take pleasure in them.

On the whole, we may conclude that simple toys give the most pleasure, so long as the number of toys possessed is limited. The children who have a large collection of toys rarely get very much enjoyment out of any of them. It is a great waste to bestow a superfluity of toys on a little child.

Living in the Land of Beulah.

"Mamma," said a serious-eyed child, looking up from her favourite "Sunday book," *Pilgrim's Progress*, "did you ever know anyone who lived in the land of Beulah?"

"Yes, dear," replied mamma, dropping her voice so that it might not reach the patriarch who was standing at the porch, watching the sunset. "Grandpapa does."

Are not many of us making the sort of mistake this little child made? We talk and dream of saints and angels, and we do not see that God's angels are standing and working at our side. Too often it is not until our loved ones have gone from us, and we are longing for "the touch of a vanished hand," and wearying for the "sound of a voice that is still," that we realise how sweet and full of grace they are. Let us make much of them while we have them; and while we can, let us prove to them that we love them.

Sunny Rooms.

Some housewives have a notion that it is their duty to keep the sun out of their rooms, and they rush to draw down the blinds as soon as the "blessed sun" shines into the nursery, for fear it should fade the carpet. They do not realise that sunny rooms help to make sunny lives. If only the light is not glaring and too hot, sunshine is one of the best things a child can have. The germs of disease, of which we hear so much in these days, are destroyed more effectually by sunshine and pure air than by anything else. Young plants gain colour in the sunshine, so do young children. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, and impart a sense of powerlessness; but in light is good cheer. "After love and trust, sunshine is the wealth of life."

Easy Way of Cooking a Salmon Cutlet.

When salmon is fairly reasonable in price, it is not an extravagant dish, because it goes so far, and is both nourishing and satisfying. Take a slice weighing about a pound, and an inch and a quarter thick; tie it in muslin, and lay it in a shallow pan with as much boiling salted water as will cover it. Let it simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Take it up carefully, put it on a dish, cover it with thick caper sauce, and arrange round it a circle of slices of cucumber overlapping each other rather closely. Ornament the edges with the skin of the cucumber cut into shapes.

HER AWAKENING.

BY M. B. MANWELL.

'M tired of it all, quite tired of it!" The speaker threw herself into a low chair, and, folding her hands behind her head, gave a huge yawn that, somehow, could not disfigure her pretty face.

Nora Drew, girlish as she looked, had been married five years, and the curly-headed little creature who trotted up to place its fat hands on her knees and stare solemnly into the yawning mouth was her tiny daughter Bunchy—Blanche, by right of her Christian name. Poor Bunchy was rather a trial to her mother. It was all very well to take the blue-eyed child out and have her pink and white fairness openly admired. Nora enjoyed that sensation thoroughly, for she was naturally fond of show and pleasure. But it was the dawning intelligence, which burst out in a world of hungry questions, that sorely tried the young mother.

"It's *what* and *why* from morning to night!" she groaned, as she gazed back into the round, clear eyes at her knee.

"Why is it?" promptly demanded Bunchy.

"There, you've begun again! Oh, it's enough to drive one wild!" It had been a rainy day, and Nora Drew was, in consequence, unusually irritable.

"Wild?" echoed Bunchy. "Is *you* wild, mammy?"

But before the worried mother could reply, Phil Drew entered the room, bringing in with him a rush of open-air freshness. With a shriek of ecstasy Bunchy flew to grasp his legs, her curly head reaching to his knees. "Oh, mine dada!" was the rapturous cry.

"What's the matter, Nora? You look anyhow, dear!" said the husband, stooping to push the short curls back from his wife's brow for a kiss.

"I'm going to accept the Harwoods' invitation," Nora answered, irrelevantly. "I must get away, Phil, for a week or two, or I shall go mad! That child torments my life out."

Phil whistled; and a few days later he whistled again, for Nora's trunks were packed. She was going off to spend a couple of weeks with an old school-chum who had married more prosperously than herself; for Phil Drew, though as good as gold, had but a tight income, to Nora's dismay when the glamour of the honeymooning was over, and she settled down to a prosaic life, with but one maid-of-all-work. It was a change for Nora, who had lived a gay round of fashionable life, and she took unkindly to it. Still, she would not have exchanged her dearly-loved husband for any Crœsus living. By-and-by, when Bunchy came to be the pride and torment of her days, Nora herself was ignorant of the depth of mother-love in her own nature. She grew weary of the human plaything; then she became irritated because there was always Bunchy. Never a moment had she to herself, and after her girlhood of selfish enjoyment it was irksome. Then came the Harwoods' invitation; they were planning entertainments and pleasures, she *must* come to them. So Nora yielded.

"Well, dear, I suppose you must go. Perhaps you ought to have this change away from our humdrum little home, but it feels queer to be letting you go."

Phil's handsome face had a wistful look that stabbed Nora, and haunted her after; but she answered lightly, "Don't be foolish, dear old Phil! Look after yourself and Bunchy. I mean to have a good time, and dance myself into a girl again at the Harwoods' parties. You won't know me when I come back. Now, good-bye, Bunchy, pet! Mammy's going out, but she won't be long—only a fortnight!" Nora's jesting voice had tears in it, for after all it felt "queer," as Phil said, to be going away.

"Dood-bye!" said Bunchy, soberly. "What's a for'night, mammy?" she added. The thirst for information in this human morsel was irrepressible, and though Bunchy was hushing to sleep a small waxen edition of herself, wrapped tightly in its owner's pinafore, the opportunity of gaining knowledge was not suffered to slip.

Under cover of a pretended outburst of indignation, Nora shook off the little clinging hands that clutched her skirt; for Bunchy, suddenly realising the meaning of the trunks in the hall and the cab at the door, had flung away her own infant to set up a doleful wailing.

By-and-by, when Phil returned from seeing off his pretty wife for the visit she had set her heart on, the little home looked strangely desolate.

"I must not grudge her such a little pleasure!" he murmured, trying to swallow a strange lump in his throat. "Poor Nora! It has been an altered time from her old gay life since she said 'For better for worse.' I wonder if she ever thinks it has been altogether 'for worse.' Poor girl!" and, with a heavy sigh, he went upstairs slowly.

To many his dejection will sound somewhat exaggerated, but Phil Drew was wholly wrapped up in his wife and child. However, as he bent over Bunchy's cot his face cleared. Tenderly covering the pinky limbs flung out on the counterpane, and lightly pushing back the golden tangle of curls to keep the fair brow cool, he told himself, thankfully, that few men were so blessed as himself, and that a fortnight was not a lifetime. Nora would come back from her taste of the old gay delights, to love him and Bunchy more.

* * * * * *

Nora Drew had been gone a week, and her letters brimmed over with excited accounts of gaieties; there was never much room left for home questionings and messages, save in odd corners. But it was those stray corners and crossed bits that Phil read over and over. It was while he was engaged thus, one afternoon, that a telegram came for him to his office, containing a message that stunned him—"*Come at once. Child badly burned.*" Its sender was the doctor who attended the Drews.

When Phil reached his home in the suburbs, he found that a narrow escape of a tragedy had taken place since his departure in the morning. Poor Bunchy, left a good deal to her small self, had been unremitting in her care of her doll-baby. Having let it slip into her own bath, Bunchy undertook to dry the dripping doll—in the absence of Sarah, the maid-of-all-work, downstairs—at the nursery fire, where inadvertently the guard had not been replaced that morning. When Sarah made one of her periodic rushes from the midst of her work to the nursery to see if her charge were safe, the horror-struck girl found Bunchy tranquilly drying dolly in the flames of her own pinafore. Snatching up the child, the foolish Sarah ran from room to room with her screaming burden, for by this time the cruel flames had got at poor little Bunchy herself. Sarah,

"Under the spreading tree." p. 94.

unfortunately, was ignorant that, had she thrown the child to the floor without carrying her from the spot, and rolled her over and over, the flames would have been extinguished with ease.

When help arrived, and Bunchy was saved, there were some sorry burns, as well as a severe shock, for the doctor to shake his head over. Phil was distracted, and the hasty message he despatched to his absent wife did not disguise the danger of the catastrophe.

Nora Drew, without a flitting thought to warn her of trouble near, was smiling into the mirror at her own fair, smartly-attired reflection, when her husband's message was handed to her. She was dressing for a dinner-party, to take place in the house she was visiting at, and looked what she was—an eager, thoughtless pleasure-seeker. But when the ill news was digested, Nora Drew was, as it were, born again. In a moment her mother-nature was quickened. Evil had come to her child, and Nora was a woman endued with a lion's courage. Without a word or cry, without an explanation, the gaily-dressed woman dragged a cloak over her finery—there was no time to change it—and was out of the house, speeding to the railway station, before her friends knew the contents of the telegram lying on her dressing-table. A couple of hours later she was kneeling, still in her gay dress, but unconscious of it, beside her child's cot, sobbing her heart out over the cocoon-like little one rolled in cotton wool, with two slits for Bunchy's blue eyes and one for her button of a mouth to breathe through.

"She will do now. The doctor says so, and thank God for it," whispered Phil, putting his arm round the kneeling figure. "But she must not be agitated, Nora," he added, and Nora stilled herself in a moment.

* * * * * *

The spring has departed, and early summer reigns, for it is the radiant month of June. Down into the heart of Wiltshire, the most old-fashioned county in England, Nora Drew has taken Bunchy, to spend a month with Phil's mother. By-and-by, when he gets his leave, Phil will join them. Meantime, the happy young mother is devoting herself to coaxing Bunchy back to perfect health. Nora knows and feels that she has won her child through a great peril. God has been better to her than she deserved, the mother tells herself in her passionate self-reproach, as her eyes,

hungry with love, feast themselves on the fair child. Bunchy, tired out gathering posies of moon-daisies in the meadow grass, has thrown herself back across her mother's lap, under the ancient spreading tree that has sheltered generations from the summer glare.

What a happy world it is! thinks the radiant Nora, as she sings one old-time lilt after another, to the dreamy ecstasy of Bunchy, still invalid enough to revel in the restfulness of the warm summer noon. In a short time the little maid's active brain will rouse itself, and Bunchy again will be a perambulating mark of interrogation. But never more will her mother flout and scold the eager, childish curiosity. A sharp lesson has dispelled all Nora's longings for the idle pleasures of the gay world; she can never forget how they shrivelled away in the face of her little one's peril.

Deeper thoughts, too, have come to brood in her mother-heart. Nora realises that a precious gift has been given her in the white soul, as well as the fair body, of her child, by that Heavenly Father who Himself "shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom," even as, in the distant glade behind the mother and child, she can see the old Wiltshire shepherd carrying a tired-out lamb.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

A Word to Women.

WE hear much in these days about manicures, wonderful methods for preserving the hair, and even hospitals where the plain can be made—so they say—beautiful. Now, absurd as many of these crazes are, it yet remains that personal appearance is a matter worthy of consideration, and that all women should endeavour, without spending an undue amount of thought and time on the subject, to make themselves look as nice and pleasing as they can. There is a great deal in personal order and neatness, and many are apt to forget several things which conduce to an agreeable appearance.

Of course, it is a necessity that people should keep themselves clean. It is not convenient, however, for every person to have a daily bath in the usual way; yet everyone ought to wash all over every day, for this alone can ensure perfect cleanliness. No one can continue in good health who does not make a point of being clean, and good health and beauty are closely connected. Soap, water, and rough towels are the simple requisites for keeping your body in proper order.

The hands should be attended to with care, and if they are rough, some emollient cream may well be applied at night. Hang-nails can be avoided by trimming the nails after soaking them in hot water.

The teeth should be brushed daily, once or twice, with a brush that is not too hard, and occasionally a little good tooth soap or powder may be used. How often we see a pretty face that charms us at once, but the charm vanishes when the parted lips betray ill-kept teeth! All cannot have good teeth, but everyone can be clean; and the teeth that are crusted with tartar can never look nice, however beautifully formed they may be in themselves.

A woman should find out which style of hair-dressing best suits her, and try and adopt it, altering it but slightly with varying fashion if the latter is unbecoming to her.

As regards clothes, there are various things concerning them which are often forgotten. Orderliness is an essential, for an untidy-looking woman is never a pleasant object to contemplate.

The care of wearing apparel is a very important item, more especially if, your resources being limited, you wish your clothes to retain their freshness as long as possible. You will find it an immense saving if you keep your walking costume for outdoor wear, and use an old dress in the house. It is more trouble, certainly, but it is a great economy, and preserves the best dress for a long time.

However old your clothes may be, or however new, they should always be in order. The prettiest dress loses much of its comeliness if there are buttons missing, or a piece of braid hanging, and if tears remain unmended. You should see that your clothes are in proper condition, looking them over as you remove them, and periodically examining them. The shaky button sewn on before it comes quite off, the new braid placed on the dress when the fraying of the edges shows that it is almost worn out, and the various little stitches taken in time not only save nine, but keep one's clothes intact and perfect.

The seams of dresses require occasional attention, for often the sewing gives in the most unexpected places.

With regard to gloves, these should always be mended, and every button secured. A muff will not cover the deficiency of ill-kept gloves, though it may help to hide the infirmities of old ones. Gloves should not be rolled up into a ball when taken off, but pulled out and laid flat.

From gloves it seems natural to turn to boots. How often one sees a well-dressed person who has the most untidy, ill-fitting boots! Boots should always be good; it is no economy to buy cheap ones, and they should be made for you. Good boots last a long time, and if you exercise a little thought, can be preserved in fair condition. Keep strong old boots for wet days, and use your nicest when there is less chance of rain and mud destroying the leather. It is almost unnecessary to say that, if buttoned boots are worn, care should be taken that all the buttons are always firmly sewn on—nothing looks more untidy than a boot from which several are missing.

A woman should always look "taut," to use a nautical expression, and this ought to be the case at all times. Old clothes can be kept tidy, and put on carefully. Dirty frilling, collars, and cuffs are never admissible. If you like collars and cuffs, but find the washing comes too expensive, see whether you cannot learn to "get them up" yourself.

It is said that French women spend much more time when preparing to go out than do their English sisters, but when once they have left their dressing-rooms the task is over; whereas an English woman, who has dressed more hurriedly, never feels quite sure of her toilette, and is often giving little finishing touches here and there. The French plan is the better, though, of course, the extreme of spending a great deal of time before the looking-glass is to be deprecated.

It should ever be borne in mind that clothes ought to suit the time and occasion when they are worn. At sea-

side places, often there is as much need for "dressy" things as there is in town; but in some quiet resorts, or in the country, "smart" apparel is out of keeping. Sometimes it may be very convenient to wear out old dresses at these places; but if so, they should be divested of as much as possible in the way of lace and what is best expressed as "finery."

If you wish to keep your clothes in good condition, you must take care of them when they are not on you. Once upon a time I knew two young women who had both the same allowance, and both spent the like amount upon dress. The elder was always well dressed, while her sister, who perhaps had clothes precisely similar, always looked shabby, and her clothes never seemed fresh. One day, when discussing the subject, the elder sister told me that the reason why her clothes lasted fresh longer was that she always brushed them carefully when she took them off. This brushing should be done at once, for it spoils materials to allow dust to remain in them. Dresses should be hung in a dry closet which is well aired from time to time, or they can be laid in a long trunk, with room allowed them to avoid crushing. Ribbons, veils, etc., should be carefully pulled out and folded up after use, and hats and bonnets brushed and placed where they are unlikely to be injured. You cannot expect that your veils and ribbons will look nice if you keep them mixed up in the same drawer with all sorts of things.

Much of the beauty and freshness of all that you wear will be due to care in these minor points, and though our subject of Personal Appearance is by no means exhausted, we think we have said enough to show on what mainly depends the graceful charm of a comely presence.

JOSEPHA CRANE.

TROUBLESOME TREASURES.

IT was Harriet Beecher Stowe who said in reference to children: "Between the worry of their living and the fear of their dying, we (mothers) die daily." There are few mothers who would deny the statement, for, from the moment the wee bit of humanity is laid in the mother's arms, the worry and fear—one or both—are constantly with the mother. The little one may grow to manhood, and go hundreds of miles from home, but the mother thinks anxiously of him as when a child, though she may not, in these later years, be worried with his living.

But it is in the days of childhood that the mother is most weighed down with the bairns. The ignorant young mother fancies that her babe is dying at every attack of colic, but he survives to frighten her again times without number during the various stages of teething, whooping-cough and measles, and other childish inevitables. Then how soon, how very soon, these little ones show an inclination to assert themselves in opposition to their elders! A conscientious mother will find herself sorely puzzled many times to know what course to pursue. Often she feels that she is not equal to the task given her, but the task is hers, and she cannot shirk it. True, she is not equal to it, but He who commissioned her to care for and instruct the little ones will also strengthen and assist her.

And is there no reward for those days and nights of anxious watching over the sick child, and the hours of anxiety lest he go astray? Yes, great is the reward. What more can she ask than that her child attain a perfect manhood or perfect womanhood? And when the child, grown to manhood, lovingly kisses the mother and says, "All that I am I owe to your care, your instruction and example"—for this, I say, there is not a mother in the land but would rejoice that she was privileged to "die daily."

F. M. T.

TRANSPLANTED.

WHILE I wept as angel fingers
Bare my flower above,
Lo, a voice, whose memory lingers,
Whispered, "God is Love."

Darkling thoughts in brightness perished,
Heaven grew wondrous fair;
Calmed, I saw that what I cherished
Bloomed, immortal, *there*.

FACTS ABOUT THE THIMBLE.

DID you ever take the trouble to look up the history of the curious little bell-shaped, indented piece of metal you wear on your finger when sewing, and which you are contented to call your "thimble"? It is a Dutch invention, and was brought to England in 1595 by one John Lofting. Its name was derived from the words *thumb* and *bell*, it being for a long time worn on that member, and called the thumbel; only within the last 150 years has the word "evoluted" into thimble. All records say that the thimble was first worn on the thumb, but we can scarcely imagine how it would be of much use there. Formerly it was made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory, celluloid, and even pearl and glass have been used in its manufacture. A thimble owned by the Queen Consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus, of solid gold, thickly studded with diamonds, which are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her birth and marriage. Queen Victoria has a very valuable gold and diamond-set thimble, upon which are engraved many historical scenes from English history.

OBEDIENCE.

IT is recorded of a certain great philosopher, that a friend who went to visit him met the philosopher's little daughter before he met the philosopher himself. Knowing the father was such a learned man, the friend thought that the little girl must have learned something from him very deep, very grave. So he said to the little girl, "What is your father teaching you?" The little maid looked up and just said the word, "Obedience." That was what the great, wise man taught his little girl, and I believe that is the most important lesson for children—to learn to be obedient. It is a lesson necessary for their happiness and for their safety; I think we may say necessary for their very life.

And what are we? Grown people of this great world so full of mysteries, we too, after all, are but weak, ignorant little children. Manifestly, then, the most important lesson for us also to learn is the child-like lesson of obedience. And it is our Father's wish above all to teach us this lesson.—*Canon Wynne.*

A MOTHER'S NOTES ON DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

LEAGUES, guilds, and unions seem to be the order of the day, and they exist for all sorts of purposes. Among others, we notice there is a Short Skirt League, its object being to induce ladies to adopt a dress for outdoor wear more suitable than those in vogue just now. The chief rule is to the effect that the members shall have at least one dress the skirt of which shall be not less than five inches off the ground all round. We cannot speak too strongly against the dirty habit of allowing a dress skirt to sweep the streets. Surely no cleanly lady could allow her dress to be spoilt in this way. Most of us know how inconvenient it is to have a skirt which just touches the ground, and has to be held up, and even when the dress clears the pavement it is difficult to keep the boots and skirts clean. Great comfort and cleanliness no doubt are effected by wearing a skirt of the regulation length, but perhaps five inches from the ground is shorter than we shall care to adopt. Still, we can all favour the happy medium, and have our skirt, say, three or four inches off the ground; or if we must wear a long dress out of doors as well as in, let us secure it well from the ground by means of a dress-holder.

Fig. 23.

We are glad to be able to tell our readers that the crinoline skirt is not likely to find favour, especially as many ladies in high life will not countenance it in any way. A substitute, however, is being introduced in the form of a horse-hair lining, but as this is nearly as bad as a crinoline, we should advise our readers not to patronise it. A strip of stiff muslin inserted in the hem of the full skirt now worn will be found quite sufficient to keep it in place. Skirts of this description are very apt to drop at the back one-and-a-half to two inches, which, however, is not so bad as when the material shrinks in front, as is the case with some loose fabrics.

Fig. 24.

Fig. 23. Here we show a very useful pattern, which will answer for a dressing gown or morning wrapper. Some of our readers will like to make a cotton or serge dress in this style for wearing at the seaside, and no one need doubt her ability to do it successfully, as no pattern could be easier. The gown is cut after the Princess shape, and the extra fulness required for the skirt at the back is laid under in pleats. The waist is drawn in with a band of the material or a ribbon with bows and ends, while the full sleeve is finished with a gauntlet cuff. The shoulder trimming consists of three circular capes each cut longer than the other, the third one being gathered with a heading so as to form a frill for the neck. These capes are not attached to the gown, so that it can be worn without them when necessary. One or two frills of coarse washing lace can very well be used in place of these stylish capes, if preferred. The gown will take seven yards of print. The skirt can be trimmed with a flounce or frill or crossway band of the same, or contrast material, when another yard or so of material will be required.

Fig. 25.

Fig. 24. Most of the dresses worn by little girls are made to hang straight from a yoke, and certainly this is a very convenient style for them. Our illustration was made from a dress in striped material, and the yoke was cut so that the stripes met in points down the centre. A frill graduated from six inches wide on the shoulders to three at the front and back, gives a pretty finish to this part of the garment. This frill must be lined where the material is not alike on both sides, otherwise it can be hemmed. The sleeve has a full puff above, with a cuff below, which is rounded at the bottom, and finished with a narrow pleating of the material. These little blouse dresses are not trimmed round the bottom of the skirt, except with narrow tucks, when a washing material is used.

Fig. 25. Many of our readers were pleased with the boys' suits we illustrated and described last year. The one here shown is such as can be attempted by mothers. It consists of a sailor blouse, loose trousers such as are generally worn with these suits, and a reefer coat—just the thing for holiday wear at the seaside, or in the country. Government serge is the material used for these suits, and bright gilt buttons adorn both the reefer jacket and the sailor blouse. The blouse will not need a lining, but the reefer must be lined throughout with Italian cloth. The sailor blouse pattern can be supplied with knickerbockers or trousers in any size.

Fig. 26.

Fig. 26. Here we depict a suit for a very little boy, say of three or four years. The small knickers should be buttoned to the stays, or a body made in a similar way, and will not need the usual front opening. The little blouse is made on a velvet yoke, and fastens at the back. A velvet cuff also finishes the sleeve. The sash can be dispensed with, except for special occasions.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 23 and 24, 6½d. each; fig. 25, trousers and blouse or reefer, 6½d.; or all three garments, 10½d.; fig. 26, 6½d. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.